

The Merry Widow

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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CHAPTER IV.

The Waltz.

DANCE with me!" repeated Sonia. The faroff orchestra had struck up a dashing, gay Slavonic air. Impelled by the music and her glance of daring, Danilo sprang forward.

In an instant the two were whirling madly amid the intricacies of a wild Russian dance such as has for countless centuries been performed from Siberia's ice plain to Tartar steppes—a dance of youth, agility, utter abandon.

Yet as they came panting to a halt at the last crashing note of music the face of neither reflected the exhilaration the swift motion and stirring measures usually evoked. In fact, Danilo's brow wore a very perceptible scowl. Sonia, too, was downcast. Had her rash experiment failed?

"You didn't enjoy that," said she.

"Not especially," he confessed. "Did you?"

"No. You don't dance as well as you did."

"I've probably grown to prefer French partners," he replied, piqued at the reflection on his dancing.

"From all I hear," she retorted, "you have little right to reproach me on

east and west, of lissom oriental posturing and of gliding, modern waltz steps—the very poetry of motion. Nor from the first note until the last strain of music died away did either dancer's eyes leave the other's.

Love, eager and eternal, was in the gaze of each. Eye said openly to eye what sullen pride forced back from the lips.

Then a last dreamy chord and the music was hushed. Danilo and Sonia started, amazed, as though from some vision of paradise. The widow, fearful lest by impulsive word she might wreck her plan of bringing Danilo to her feet, darted breathlessly away to welcome a new group of guests. The prince, left alone, stared after her, open-mouthed. A clapping of applauding hands aroused him.

"Bravo, bravo, my dear prince!" wheezed the ambassador, toddling forward. "What a delightful little dance! But is it customary to catch one's partner in a jiu jitsu grip like that, or is it a fashion that has come in since my waltzing days?"

The old bore's feeble jest brought Danilo quickly back to earth and to a sense of everyday surroundings.

"Were you looking for me?" he asked, none too civilly.

"Only to see if you had succeeded yet in finding who the lady is with whom De Joldon is in love. She must



"A lady went into the summer house with a gentleman."

"Why shouldn't I?" queried De Joldon jokingly. "You told me to."

"But—but you won't, will you?" she pleaded. "Why don't you look at me? What are you looking at?"

De Joldon's eye had fallen on the fan where it lay forgotten on the table.

"The fan you lost and that your husband pocketed," he said, handing it to her.

"Thank goodness!" Natalie exclaimed, seizing it; then:

"Lend me a pencil."

She wrote a sentence on the fan directly beneath the three words he had scribbled the night before at the ball.

"There," she sighed, handing it to him; "keep that as a reminder."

He held the fan up to the light and read:

"I am—a dutiful—wife."

"Remember that always," she adjured.

"Natalie!" he cried passionately.

"It is true—I am a dutiful wife. If I have been foolish enough to listen to your love-making, at least I have never encouraged it. I have always rebuffed you for conscience's sake. I am a dutiful—"

"Why remind me of the hopelessness of my love?" murmured De Joldon.

"You may refuse to reciprocate it, but you cannot prevent my telling you!"

"But I can. After this evening we must not meet again. My husband trusts me. This must be our farewell interview. Don't try to alter my purpose. I have made up my mind. After this evening I shall never—"

"Natalie, you can't mean!"

"I do. This is the last talk we two shall ever have together."

"Then," implored De Joldon, "if it is really to be our farewell interview, why must we talk here in the garden, where at any moment others may come to claim your attention? Grant me a final half hour of your society all to myself. Let the talk be uninterrupted. Let us sit in the little summer house over there. See—it is empty."

They entered the little inclosed arbor. It was lighted by a string of Japanese lanterns, and two rustic chairs were at opposite sides of its round center table. There was a door at each end of the tiny room—an ideal spot for a tete-a-tete chat now that the moonlight had wooed most of the guests out of doors.

The light wicker door swung shut behind the couple. Natalie quite enjoyed the prospect of listening to her adorer's melodramatic words of farewell and of posing heroically as a self-sacrificing, dutiful wife. In half an hour at most she would rejoin her husband with the righteous consciousness in her heart of having dismissed forever the one man besides Popoff who had ever made love to her.

So interested was Natalie in De Joldon's parting speech that she did not hear the ambassador, just outside, declare excitedly:

"Nish, I'm sure I saw that summer house door close behind a lady's skirt! Let's see who is in there!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Limited Luxury.

Two Irishmen were discussing the phenomenon of sleep. Said one, "O! hear as wan av thim poetry lads calls it 'bald nature's hair reshtoorer.'"

"Yis," assented the other; "shape's a grand luxury. It's a pity a man can't kape awake long enough to fix it. Jist whin he's thinkin' that a foine long shooone he'll be hovin', begorra, it's mornin'!"—Judge.

Gallant Lover.

"Silly boy," she said, "why did you get offended? Though my words were severe, you might have seen that I was smiling."

"Well," he replied magnanimously, "your mouth is so small I didn't notice it."—Philadelphia Press.

"MY MOTHER MADE THEM"

Forty years ago today a Georgia boy 14 years of age sat on the steps of a store from 5 o'clock in the morning till 8:30 waiting for the proprietor to open the door. He had secured a position at four dollars a week to sweep and run errands.

The day before he secured the place he had tried next door and when he asked for the proprietor the man snapped at him: "Well, well, what do you want?"

"I want a job."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"I came from Georgia."

"No, we don't want you. Huh, where'd you get those clothes?"

"My mother made them."

She had made them at night, and the boy had threaded the needle for her, as many of us have done, because her eyesight was failing and the poor lamplight didn't help much.

The man laughed at the boy a little, and with a feeling of disappointment and just a little hurt he walked out and went to the next store. Here he secured a place. Mr. Hill was kind in his treatment of the boy, and he worked his way.

Twenty years later he was in business on Broadway with a partner. One Saturday night they were getting ready to go home. An old, poorly dressed man came in and pleaded with the partner to buy something from the samples he had.

"No; we don't need a thing."

"Well, please give me a little order so I can get my commission tonight to keep me over Sunday. I really haven't anything to eat."

At this juncture the boy from Georgia, who now owned half the Broadway business, overheard it and saw the old man. He said: "Yes, we'll take something from you. Put us down for five dozen of each of these."

The old man was so excited he could hardly write the order. He had only hoped to sell a small order at most, and was begging for that.

The Georgia boy helped him tie up his samples. He walked out at the same time, and they went a little piece down the street together. The old man said he was very grateful for the order; he needed it so much.

"Yes, yes, I know it. I know you, old man. You may not remember me, but just remember that any time you are hard up of a Saturday night and need an order, you can always get it here. But you may not remember the boy who asked you for a job twenty years ago. You laughed at my clothes. If you ever have a chance again and a boy from Georgia asks for a job, don't laugh at him and ask him where he got his clothes. Good bye."

The Georgia boy came back years ago. He is one of the state's best citizens. He is worth now from a half-million to three-quarters of a million dollars, and strangely his name is usually down for the largest amount on subscription lists in any way concerning the poor and the boys.

How fortunate were the boys who wore the clothes mother made.

Few men today ever wore a garment made at home. The poorest boys today are too proud to have anything but store-bought clothes, and we wonder what this country will be when all the grown-up country boys are gone.

This is just a little anniversary story with a moral: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Atlanta Georgian.

DIARRHOEA CURED

"My father has for years been troubled with diarrhoea, and tried every means possible to effect a cure, with out avail," writes John H. Zirkle of Philippi, W. Va. "He saw Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy advertised in the Philadelphia Republican, and decided to try it. The result is one bottle cured him and he has not suffered with the disease for eighteen months. Before taking this remedy he was a constant sufferer. He is now sound and well, and although sixty years old, can do as much work as a young man." Sold by all druggists.

GOT THE WRONG DOOR

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped up blithely to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey, let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she cried again, rapping louder.

Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Alice; let me in," she whispered.

There was a silence and still no answer. After several seconds a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bath-room."—Mountain Pine.

TENTS—For sale or rent. Ocala Furniture Co. 7-24-tfw.

WATSON AND GRAVES

When Mr. Thomas E. Watson and Mr. John Temple Graves were pulling together in their efforts to elect Mr. Hoke Smith governor of Georgia, they were members of a mutual admiration society and were lauding each other to the skies.

Mr. Watson could not say too much in praise of Mr. Graves and Mr. Graves could not say too much in praise of Mr. Watson. They passed splendid eulogies on each other.

The silver chain has been loosed, the golden bowl broken.

Now that both of these distinguished Georgians have their eyes turned in the direction of the White House by widely different paths, they are no longer covering each other with flowers, but are saying very complimentary things about each other.

Watson says that the independence party is a "one-man party—the Hearst dependence party;" and Graves retorts by saying that Watson is the populist party—that "he is it."

Speaking of the debate between Messrs. Watson and Graves, the Columbia State says:

"We trust the debate between those exalted Georgians, Watson and Graves, will not exceed the bounds of candidatorial courtesy. Mr. Watson was the aggressor when he offended Mr. Graves by saying the independence party is a one-man party, that one man being Mr. Hearst. As the independence party was not brought into being until Mr. Graves prepared to vault into the arena, and as Mr. Graves is the star candidate upon the ticket, that Georgian may be pardoned for believing if the independence party is a one-man party, that Graves, and not Hearst, is the man."

"Mr. Graves strikes a body blow when he asks Mr. Watson if he (Watson) wishes to have a monopoly of one-man parties—or words to that effect. Mr. Graves seems to wish Mr. Watson to show cause why he should not be adjudged a presidential—aspiring vagrant, and treated according to law governing said cases. Graves directs attention to the record where-by Mr. Watson polled for president but 114,000 votes. Mr. Graves may plausibly argue that that is not a visible means of presidential support; that Watson has no excuse for loafing around the lunch counter when he hasn't the price of a political 'sinker.'"

But Tom is not such a shiftless tramp as he looks. He talks of lodging in the national house at Washington, but his real object is to keep in touch with the cooks attached to the two divided democratic households in Georgia, and in exchange for mental work for one and then the other, get 'handouts' from both.

"The democrats of Georgia should insist that Watson keep out of their kitchens."

GENUINE REFORM

"I never was much of a reformer," said Mr. Billy Sanders; "I've seen so much reform that I'm sick of it. Maybe if I could get a glimpse of the real an' genuine article, I'd like it better, but the only kind I ever seed is the kind the politicians trot out when they want office. You know it's all buncombe by the way they open their mouth and see-saw the a'r w' the'r hands. I had the idee that the issues of the last campaign was all for reform; the rum demon was to be lifted out w' a pair of ice-tongs, an' the cussed corporations was to be held up and skint alive. I ain't even seed the tongs, an' nuther have I seed the hide of the cussed corporations, but I hear tell that the skinnin' has been done. Well, that satisfies my taste for blood all right, an' now I want to see some of the one-hoss politicians operated on for their appendices. They'd feel much lighter an' nimble."—Home Magazine.

WHAT IS BEST FOR INDIGESTION?

Mr. A. Robinson of Drumquinn, Ontario, has been troubled for years with indigestion and recommends Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets as "the best medicine I ever used." If troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial. They are certain to prove beneficial. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price 25 cents. Samples free at all druggists.

NOTICE

Sealed bids will be received by the board of county commissioners of Marion county, Florida, for the construction of steel bridges across the Oklawaha river at Sharp's Ferry and at Moss Bluff Ferry. Copies of plans and specifications can be had at the office of Austin Brothers, architects, Atlanta, Georgia, or upon application to S. T. Sistrunk, clerk of the circuit court, Ocala, Marion county, Florida. Said bids to be opened at twelve o'clock, noon, Wednesday, the 9th day of September next, the same being at the regular meeting of the board to be held in said month. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk Board of County Commissioners, Marion County, Florida. 8-7

NOTICE

Of Application for Tax Deed Under Section 8 of Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida

Notice is hereby given that W. W. Clyatt, purchaser of tax certificate No. 2549, dated November 2, 1896, and Nos. 1073, 1093, 1098, 1114, dated the 5th day of June, A. D. 1905, has filed said certificates in my office, and has made application for tax deed to said certificates in accordance with law. Said certificates embrace the following described property situated in Marion county, Florida, to-wit: 17 chains east and west by 8.82 chains north and south, in northeast corner of southwest quarter of southeast quarter, section 2, and west half of southwest quarter of section 2; lots 3 and 6 of section 11; south half of lots 3 and 4, except 10 acres in southeast corner, section 14, and lots 2 and 3 of section 23, all in township 17, south, range 23, east. The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificates in the names of Unknown, H. M. Goethe & Co., Gabe Thomas and S. W. Backster. Unless said certificates shall be redeemed according to law tax deed will issue thereon on the 5th day of September, A. D. 1908.

Witness my official signature and seal this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1908.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk Circuit Court, Marion Co., Fla. 8-7-C.

NOTICE

In the Circuit Court of the Fifth Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for Marion County—in Chancery.

Mable Oliver, Complainant, vs. John Oliver, Defendant—Order for Constructive Service.

It is ordered that the defendant herein named, to-wit: John Oliver, be and he is hereby required to appear to the bill of complaint filed in this cause on or before Monday, the 7th day of September, 1908.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the Ocala Banner, a newspaper published in said county and state.

This 5th day of August, 1908.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk Circuit Court, Marion Co., Fla.

By H. B. Foy, Jr., D. C. CARLOS L. SISTRUNK, 8-7 Complainant's Solicitor.

NOTICE

Of Application for Permit to Sell Liquors, Wines and Beer

Whereas, Harry J. Precht has filed with the board of county commissioners for Marion county, Florida, an application for permit to sell liquors, wines and beer in election district No. one of said county and state; any citizen of such election district may show cause, if any there be, at the meeting of the board to be held on Wednesday, the 9th day of September, next, why such permit should not be granted.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners, Marion Co., Fla. 8-7

NOTICE

Of Application for Permit to Sell Liquors, Wines and Beer

Whereas, J. M. McCorkle has filed with the board of county commissioners for Marion county, Florida, his application for permit to sell liquors, wines and beer in election district one of said county and state; any citizen of such election district may show cause, if any there be, at the meeting of the board to be held on Wednesday, the 9th day of September, next, why such permit should not be granted.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners, Marion Co., Fla. 8-7

NOTICE

Of Application for Permit to Sell Liquors, Wines and Beer

Whereas, Bluthenthal & Bickart, Incorporated, have filed with the board of county commissioners for Marion county, Florida, their application for permit to sell liquors, wines and beer in election district one of said county and state; any citizen of such election district may show cause, if any there be, at the meeting of the board to be held on Wednesday, the 9th day of September, next, why such permit should not be granted.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners, Marion Co., Fla. 8-7

NOTICE

Pursuant to instructions of the board of county commissioners of Marion county, Florida, I will offer for sale and sell to the highest and best bidder for cash the safe formerly used by the supervisor of registration of this county. Sale will be conducted at the court house on Monday, September 6, 1908. S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk Board of County Commissioners, Marion Co., Fla. 8-7

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE FOR FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that on the seventeenth day of August, A. D. 1908, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., the undersigned, as the administrator of the estate of James H. Howard, late of Marion county, deceased, will make application to the County Judge for Marion County, Florida, for a final discharge of his administration of said estate, and at the same time present his final accounts.

2-14-6m JAMES H. HOWARD.

NOTICE OF FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that, on the 12th day of January, 1909, I will, as executor of the last will and testament of Julia T. Munroe, deceased, present my final accounts and vouchers to the Hon. Joseph Bell, Judge of probate, at his office at Ocala, Florida. Will make my final settlement and apply for final discharge.

June 1, 1908. T. T. MUNROE, As Executor of the Last Will and Testament of the late Julia T. Munroe. 8-5-6m.



"I'M AWAKE FROM MY CRAZY DREAM OF LOVE, AND I'M GOING BACK TO MAXIM'S."

that score. You dance a good deal at Maxim's, don't you?"

"Now and then," he admitted.

"And with what sort of partners, I wonder?" she scoffed, a touch of scorn in her sweet voice.

"With polite ones," said Danilo icily.

She winced ever so little at the reproof and went on.

"I suppose you dance better with them than with me."

"Possibly," he agreed. "You see, I, too, may prefer French partners."

She raised her great dark eyes to his, a world of meaning in them.

"Do you?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

The distant orchestra had been playing again, this time not a native air, but a dreamy, infinitely sweet Viennese waltz. The opening notes of the haunting melody, though softened by distance, were wafted none the less distinctly to the listening couple.

Again their eyes met. With a mutual impulse they drew toward each other. Then began a dance as different from the stuffy conventional ballroom waltz, as moonlight differs from a gasoline flare. With more than a hint of the free, marvelously graceful poses of the Slavonic dancers, Danilo and Sonia began their wondrous waltz.

Throwing herself back into the strength of his circling embrace, the girl's outstretched arms swayed like wind-blown lilies in rhythm with the music, her light step scarcely touching earth as the prince guided her through the mazes of the dance.

It was a strange, dexterous blend of

be made to win him away from any ideas of marrying the widow."

"To blaze with that and all the rest of your silly plans!" shouted Danilo.

"Don't worry any more about the widow. It's no use, I tell you. She is going to marry a Frenchman in spite of us all! And," he went on bitterly, goaded by the chagrin and abject disappointment in Popoff's face, "I'm going to dance at her wedding."

"Going to marry a Frenchman, is she?" yelled the distracted ambassador. "Preposterous! I'll find a way of stopping it! And it is De Joldon she thinks of marrying?"

"What's that to me? I don't know who she's engaged to, and—"

But Popoff waited to hear no more. Catching sight of Nish, he rushed upon that unhappy clerk.

"Find M. de Joldon!" he commanded. "Keep your eye on him all the rest of the evening. See if he makes love to the widow and report to me. I have already told Mme. Popoff to sound him on the subject. Among us all we ought to learn something before we're done."

"You'll learn 'something' if you keep on spying," muttered Danilo under his breath as he moved away. "But I'll bet a year's income it'll be something that will give you more surprise than pleasure."

Dusk was falling. Above the myriad colored lights that dotted the garden the moon was rising. Along one of the hedged paths leading to the summer house a man and a woman were strolling—Mme. Natalie Popoff and M. de Joldon.

"And so your worthy husband set you the task of finding out whom I am in love with?" De Joldon was saying.

"Yes," the ambassador's young wife answered. "He is afraid you will marry the widow."